

In Recital

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

**accompanied by
Esther Chu**

**Tuesday, March 28, 1995
at 5:30 pm**

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Come Again
Woeful Heart with Griefe Oppressed
A Shepherd in a Shade

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Exsultate, Jubilate
Exsultate
Recitativo
Tu Virginum
Alleluja

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Der Gärtner
Verborgenheit
Er ist's

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

From Six Elizabethan Songs
Spring
Sleep
Winter

Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Kerley.

Ms Kerley is a recipient of the Vienna Opera Ball Society Vocal Development Grant.

Translations:

Come Again

Come Again, sweete love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain, to do me due delight.
to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die
with thee againe in sweetest sympathy.

Come again, that I may cease to mourne
through thy unkind disdaine,
for now left and for lorne.
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die
In deadly paine, and endless misery.

Gentle love draw forth thy wounding dart;
thou canst not pierce her heart,
for I that do approve.
By sighs, and tears more hot than are thy shafts
did tempt, while she for triumph paughs.

Woeful Heart with Griefe Oppressed

Woeful heart with griefe oppressed,
Since my fortune most distressed
From my joyes hath me removed,
Follow those sweet eyes adored.
Those sweet eyes wherein are stored
All my pleasures best beloved.

Fly my breast leave me forsaken
Wherein grief his seat hath taken,
All his arrows thro' me darting.
thou mayst live by her sunshining:
I shall suffer no more pining
By thy loss than by her parting.

A Shepherd in a Shade

A shepherd in a Shade, his plaining made
of love and lovers wrong
unto the fairest lasse that trod on grasse,
and thus began his song.

Since love and Fortune will, I honor still
your faire and lovely eye;
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph,
for thee if I for sorrow die.

Restore, restore my heart again,
which love by thy sweet looks hath slaine,
Lest that, enforc'd by your distdaine,
I sing "Fye upon love! Fye upon love!
It is a foolish thing."

My heart where have you laid,
o cruel maide,
To kill where you might save.
Why have you cast it forth as nothing worth,
without a tombe or grave?

O let it be entombe'd and lie
In your sweet mind and memorie,
Lest I resound on ev'ry warbling string.

Exsultate, Jubilate

Exult, rejoice
O happy souls
And with sweet music
let the heavens resound,
Making answer, with me, to your song.

The lovely day glows bright,
now clouds and storms have fled,
and a sudden calm has arisen for the just.
Everywhere dark night held sway before.
But now, at last, rise up and rejoice,
ye who are not feared,
and happy in the blessed dawn with full hand
make offering of garlands and lilies.
And thou, o crown of Virgins,
Grant us peace, and assuage
the positions that touch our hearts.
Alleluia

Der Gärtner/ The Gardener

On her own little horse
That's as white as snow,
The fairest Princess
Comes rifting along the avenue.
On the road where the horse
Prances so smartly,
The sand which I sprinkle,
Sparkles like gold!
Rose-coloured bonnet
Bobbing up and down...
Oh, toss a feather
Discreetly this way!
And should you wish
A flower from me in exchange,
Take a thousand for one...
Take them all for just one!

Verborgenheit/Concealment

Let, o world, o let me be!
Tempt me not with charitable gifts,
Let this heart, in solitude feel
Its joy, its pain!

I do not know the cause of this sadness,
It is indefinable pain;
Yet, constantly through my tears I see
The friendly rays of sunshine.
Often I am barely conscious
When the bright joy breaks
Through the darkness, and
wondrously lightens my heart.

Er Ist's/ It is Spring

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter once again in the breeze;
Sweet, well remembered scents
Pervade the land with promise.
Violets are already budding,
They will soon appear.

Hear in the distance the soft
sound of a harp!
Spring, indeed it is you!
I have sensed you!

Spring

Spring the Sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
King:
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a
ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jugjug, puwe, towittawoo!
The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jugjug, puwe, towittawoo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our
feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a shunning sit,
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jugjug, puwe, towittawoo
Spring! the sweet Spring!

Sleep

Care charmer Sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light;
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the way be time enough to mourn
the shipwreck of my ill adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
without the torment of the night's untruth

Cease. dreams. the images of day desires
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you Liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd
blows his nail, And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu whoo! Tu whit! Tu whoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl.

